

Spring 5-1862

Partial Undated Letter from Frank L. Lemont to J.S. (May-June 1862?)

Frank L. Lemont

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/paul_bean_papers



Part of the [Military History Commons](#), and the [Social History Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Lemont, Frank L., "Partial Undated Letter from Frank L. Lemont to J.S. (May-June 1862?)" (1862). *Paul W. Bean Civil War Papers*. Item 63.

https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/paul_bean_papers/63

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@UMaine. It has been accepted for inclusion in Paul W. Bean Civil War Papers by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@UMaine. For more information, please contact um.library.technical.services@maine.edu.

I have attended services, and have been out on the hill a few steps from camp to view the enemy stationed on the opposite hill across the Chickahominy. Large numbers of them are to be seen strutting around, apparently doing nothing but watching us. While I was out there two guns, one a 12 pounder and the other a 20 pound rifle parrot gun opened fire on the mercenaries. They threw two solid into their midst which made them (as the term is used here) skedaddle. Rev. Mr. Adams, is still with us, doing good by his labors and example.

It is now near my birthday. ere you receive this if living, I shall have passed from my boy life into the sterner and more real life of the man. I used to dread the coming of that day for I thought it associated with great events. But it will come and go with me the same as others have done before. I thought last Sabbath that ere another dawned the strength of the contending armies would have been tested. But the future is all uncertainty and we know nothing of coming events till they develop themselves. Yesterday I visited one of our hospitals in which were a number

All that is not in treating in this letter, throw away.

Remember me in your prayers and know that I
of wounded rebel soldiers. Their appearance
was rather doleful, poorly dressed, and with nothing
with inward, as well as outward pain, they
presented a sad spectacle. They were mostly
from Maryland, taken at the battle of
Chancellorsville. Some of them looked cheerful
(those not much wounded) and the pleasure they
felt at being freed from their tyrannical
leaders, and the kind treatment received
at our hands, actually shone in
of their features. They were glad that they were
prisoners. I have seen many of them of late
so they are not so much of a curiosity to me
formerly. They are inferior to our men in size
and in intellectuality there is no comparison.
I have conversed with none that were educated
in many cases their language is so ancient and
unsophisticated as to be almost unintelligible.
Some of them wear a dirty grey cotton cloth
uniform and some of them don't. They are
scarcely more in uniform than so many
civilians. But here I will stop, and after sending
love to all, bid you good night.
Mother Yours with much love & best aff. Frank

I shall have to send them over there, paying
for it. We cannot afford to lose them here.

While to mention and
and let me know
all about everything.

I have attended services, and have been out on the hill a few steps from camp to view the enemy stationed on the opposite hill across the Chickahominy. Large numbers of them are to be seen strotting around apparently doing nothing but watching us.

While I was out there two guns, one a 12 pounder and the other a 20 pound rifle parrot gun opened fire on the miscreants. They threw two solid shot into their midst which made them (as the term is used here) (skedaddle). Rev. Mr. Adams, is still with us, doing good by his labors and example.

It is now near my birthday. Ere you receive this if living, I shall have passed from my boy life into the sterner and more real life of the man. I used to dread the coming of that day for I thought it associated with great events. But it will come and go with me the same as others have done before. I thought last Sabbath that ere another dawned the strength of the contending armies would have been tested. But the future is all uncertainty, and we know nothing of coming events till they develop themselves. Yesterday I visited one of our hospitals, in which were a number of wounded rebel soldiers. Their appearance was rather doleful. Poorly dressed, and writhing with inward, as well as outward pain, they presented a sad spectacle. They were mostly from N. Carolina, taken at the battle of Hanover C. H. Some of them looked cheerful (those not much wounded) and the pleasure they felt at being freed from their tyrannical leaders, and from the kind treatment received at our hands actually shone lineament in their features. They were glad that they were prisoners. I have seen many of them of late so they are not so much of a curiosity to me as formerly. They are inferior to our men in size and in intellectuality there is no comparison.

I have conversed with none that were educated and in many cases their language is so ancient and unsophisticated as to be almost unintelligible. Some of them wear a dirty gray cotton cloth uniform and some of them don't. They are scarcely more in uniform than so many civilians. But here I would stop, and after sending love to all, bid you good night.

Yours with the deepest aff. Frank

Mother

All that is not interesting in this letter throw away. Remember me in your prayers and know that I think of you always. Write to me often and let me know all about everything. I shall have to send this without paying for it. We can't get postage stamps here.